

TERROR



NO. 45
JAN.

10¢



10¢

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! MENACE, MYHONEY! FINEY! YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT CREEP-COON, 'CAUSE THAT'S MY RACKET! AH, YOUR OLD CRYPT-KEEPER IS JUST FLOWING WITH FRIGHT! TODAY, HOW ABOUT GOING FOR A RACKET I'LL DRIVE YOU NUTS. READY? THEN WITHOUT FURTHER HOO, I'LL START OFF MY MORBID MAD WITH AN ISLET ISLAND STORY OF A STARVING SAILOR AND A RAVENOUS RAT. I CALL THIS HIDEOUSLY HORRIBLE HUNK OF HISTORY. . .

TELESCOPE



THE S.S. GRAMMELL WAS NO MATCH FOR THE VIOLENT SOUTH SEA TEMPEST. THE MIGHTY WIND RULLED HER UPON A REEF AND SHE POUNDERED IN EIGHT FATHOMS OF BRINY BLUE. SOON, THE STORM WAS SPENT, THE SHIP GONE, AND THERE REMAINED BUT ONE HUMAN SURVIVOR...A SEAMAN...ERIC WALFORD. HE CLUNG DESPERATELY TO A FLOATING PLANK TILL IT REACHED THE SHALLOWS OFF A SMALL CORAL ISLE. THEN, HALF-CONSCIOUS, HE CRAWLED TO THE SANDY SHORE. . .



BUT ERIC WAS NOT THE ONLY SURVIVOR. A RAT... HALF-GROWNED AND FRIGTHENED... HAD CLUNG TO THE OTHER END OF THE SAME PLANK. AND NOW IT TOO, STRUGGLED ASHORE.



THE RAT AND THE MAN WERE THE ONLY LIFE ON THIS DESERT ISLE. NOT A TREE... NOT A PLANT... NOT A BLADE OF GRASS. EVEN ON THIS SHARPEN CORAL ROCK, IT WAS FINE ACRES OF NOTHING...



FOR A LONG TIME, ERIC LAY IN THE BLISTERING SUN, EXHAUSTED. THEN, FEELING A TERRIBLE THIRST, HE BOUGHT OUT AND FOUND A SMALL PUDDLE LEFT BY THE STORM IN A SHALLOW DEPRESSION ON TOP OF A CORAL ROCK. HE DRANK BREEDLY...



WHEN HE HAD SLACKED HIS THIRST, ERIC LOOKED UP SUDDENLY, SENSING THAT HE WAS BEING WATCHED. HE STARTED, HIS THROAT CACKLED WITH A RIDING SCORGE. THE GREATER GREY SHIP'S RAT WAS WATCHING HIM WITH IT'S READY GLITTERING EYES...



ERIC BACKED AWAY, THE RAT SCURRED FORWARD TO THE TINY POOL AND DRANK. ERIC'S FACE WENT WHY WITH DISGUST...



THE CASTAWAYS... THE MAN AND THE RAT... KEPT SOME DISTANCE APART. AND YET, THEY SHARED A COMMON LONELINESS. EACH FOUND AT LEAST A LITTLE COMFORT IN SEEING THE OTHER NEAR...



THOROUGHLY EXHAUSTED, BOTH SLEPT THE NIGHT THROUGH. IT WASN'T UNTIL THEY AWOKED THE FOLLOWING MORNING THAT THEY FELT THE FIRST SHARP PAINS OF HUNGER. ERIC SEARCHED THE ENTIRE BEACH...



THE RAT, TOO, SNIPPED EVERY INCH OF THE ISLAND BUT FOUND NOTHING TO SATISFY ITS GROWING APPETITE. SOON, THE MAN AND THE RAT FACES EACH OTHER WITH A DIFFERENT LOOK IN THEIR EYES: A HUNGRY LOOK.



THAT DAY, HUNGER SHAWED AT THE SURVIVORS' INWARDS, AND WHEN NIGHT CAME AGAIN, ERIC SLEPT RESTLESSLY. SUDDENLY, HE SAT UP WITH A START...



SOMETHING'S HEAR ME...
WATCHING ME.

IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT THAT BATHED THE ISLAND, ERIC SAW THE RAT, TEN FEET AWAY... STARING AT HIM. STARING GREEDILY, HE SHUDDERED...



GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU
FLA-ROOEN VERMIN!

THE DARK-GREY ROBBENT DREW BACK ITS LIPS IN A FIERCE GRIN. THE SEAWARD SEAMAN HURLED A HANDFUL OF SAND AT IT...



FILTHY DEVIL!

THE RAT FLED. ERIC SLEPT NO MORE THAT NIGHT AND HIS VIGILANCE WAS REWARDED. SEVERAL TIMES THE RAT CAME CLOSE.



HAVE A CARE, MY SHEARIN' LITTLE
FRIEND. BY TOMORROW, I MAY BE
LESS PARTICULAR WHAT I
EAT MYSELF!

THE NEXT MORNING, ERIC SAW HIS SOLE LIVING COMPANION SLUTTING ITSELF ON DRY SEABEED THAT HAD BEEN WASHED ASHORE. THE SEAMAN SWALLOWED A MOUTHFUL, THEN, HE AND THE RAT ABANDONED THE FOUL NESS AT THE SAME TIME...



DOODN! I... SHORE... I COULD NEVER
HELP THAT SLIME DOWN.

ERIC'S MOUTH AND THROAT WERE DRIER THAN-EVEN NOW. HIS LIPS WERE FURCHED AND CRACKED. HIS HUNGER PAINED HIM. IT WAS LATER THAT SAME MORNING THAT SEVERAL OUTRIGGER BOATS APPEARED OFFSHORE, MANNED BY NATIVES FISHING WITH NETS. ERIC SHOUTED HOARSELY AT THEM AND WAVED HIS ARMS.



HELP! HELP! FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET
ME OFF THIS CURSED CHUNK OF HADES!

THERE WAS A SUDDEN FLURRY OF EXCITEMENT AMONG THE NATIVE FISH-ERMEN... MUCH CHATTERING AND POINTING AT THE LONELY FIGURE ON THE BEACH...



WITH FEAR IN THEIR EYES FOR "THE ISLAND DEVIL," THEY FEWERLY HOWLED IN THEIR NETS...



...AND PADDLED SWIFTLY AWAY, LEAVING ERIC WITH NOTHING BEFORE HIM BUT THE BROAD EXpanse OF TORQUOSE SEA. NUMB WITH DISAPPOINTMENT, HE SANK TO THE SAND...



FINALLY, HIS THIRST COMPELLING HIM, ERIC CRAWLED BACK TO THE CORAL ROCK TO DRINK FROM THE TINY POOL, NO LONGER CARING THAT THE RAT HAD DRUNK THERE TOO...



THE RAT, TOO, CAME TO INVESTIGATE THE DRIED-UP DEPRESSION. ERIC HURLED A ROCK AT IT... ANGRILY... DESPERATELY. HE MISSED...



TOO WEAR TO PURSUE HIS PREY, ERIC STOOD CROAKING AFTER THE RAT AS IT CRAWLED AWAY...



THAT AFTERNOON, A SMALL SEA BIRD SOARED OVERHEAD, CROPPING A FISH FROM ITS BEAK. AS THE BIRD SWOOPED TO RECOVER ITS PREY, ERIC FLUNG A ROCK AT IT WITH ALL OF HIS REMAINING STRENGTH...



THEN, ERIC SLUMPED NEARLY TO THE HOT WHITE SAND...

THE BIRD LAY DEAD NEAR THE WATER'S EDGE WITH ITS HALF-SWALLOWED MORSEL. ERIC SUFFERED A PLEASURABLE AGONY AS HE INCHED TOWARD HIS BUTTING BEAST.



BUT THE OTHER CASTERAW SAW THIS PLUMP FEATHERED PRIDE AND, DRIVEN BY THE MADDENING PAINS OF HUNGER IN ITS BELLY, THE RAT, TOO, CRAWLED WEARILY TOWARD THE FALLEN GULL.



NOW ERIC SAW THE RAT, AND THE RAT SAW ERIC, EACH STRAINED MOVEMENT BENEATH THAT FLESH-ROASTING SUN WAS A TORMENT FOR BOTH CREATURES. THE MAN, THE RAT... AND ERIC WENT TO SEE HIS GRIZZLED RIVAL MOVE AHEAD OF HIM.



GET AWAY, BLAST YOU?
NO! NO...

THE RAT WAS THERE NOW, NOT TAKING THE TIME TO SNIFF OR TEAR AT ITS FOOD, BUT GULPING AT THE BIRD, SWALLOWING IT WHOLE.



NO! OH, LORD...

AND AT THE SAME TIME, ERIC HAD CLOSED THE GAP SO THAT THERE WAS BUT A SHORT YARD BETWEEN THEM. WITH ENORMOUS EFFORT, ERIC RAISED HIMSELF, THEN FELL FORWARD, TRYING TO CATCH HIS ENEMY.



NOW I'VE GOT YOU.

FINDING STRENGTH IN FEAR, THE RAT LEAPED ASIDE, SO THAT ERIC'S FINGERS JUST BRUSHED ITS SHORT-HAIRED GRISLY FUR.



I... CAN'T SOB...
CAN'T GO ON...

FOR A LONG TIME THE MAN AND THE RAT LAY PROSE ON THE STEAMING SAND, EACH STUDING THE OTHER'S EYES, AND THEN ERIC SPOKE...

IT'S YOU OR ME! I GET YOU... NOW... OR YOU'LL WAIT TILL I'M TOO WEAK TO MOVE!

THE FARMISHED BEGEMAN STRUGGLED TO HIS KNEES, REDDING HIS BLOW CREEPING PURPLE. THE RAT NODDED AWAY WEARILY...

THEN YOU'LL EAT OUT MY EYEBALLS AND THE FLESH OFF MY FACE! YOU'LL RAT SLOW SO I'LL LAST...

THERE WAS NO TIME FOR THE RAT TO SWALLOW IT'S STILL WARM BIRD, LEAVING TINY THREE-PRONGED MARKS IN THE WET SAND. IT BACKED SLIDELY INTO THE SEA...

WELL, IT'S NOT GONNA F'RE ME IF IT'S GONNA BE YOU!

THE RAT TURNED IN THE WATER, NOT GIVING UP ITS PREY, AND STARTED SWIMMING FROM THE ISLAND. ERIC, CRAWLED INTO THE WATER AFTER IT, SWIMMING WITH LIMPLY CHOURING APMS...

GREEDILY HOLDING ITS BULGING MOUTHFUL, THE RAT LOST BREATH... SWALLOWED WATER THROUGH ITS NOSTRILS... BEGAN TO SINK. THE MAN REACHED OUT AND SAVED THE DROWNING RAT...

...SAVED IT FOR HIMSELF! HUNGRY AND WITH HUNGER, NOT WAITING TO RETURN TO SHORE WITH HIS STRANDED PRIZE, THE MAN STUFFED THE WATER-SWOLLEN RAT INTO HIS MOUTH, TAIL FIRST...

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A SLEEK BLACK FIN CUT ITS WAY THROUGH THE BLUE, SLIDING SMOOTHLY AND SILENTLY TOWARD ITS FLOATING HUMAN GAMBIT...



THE GREAT HUNGRY SHARK CLOSED IN WITH HUGE JAWS AWAPE, THE DOUBLE ROW OF RIPSAW TEETH READY AND EAGER TO TEAR. IT CAME UP BEHIND ERIC...



A VIOLENT TURBULENCE FOLLOWED... A THRASHING AND A SPLASHING OF FOAMY BRINE. THE NATIVE OUTRIGGERS APPEARED THEN, BRANVY ARMS RHYTHMICALLY THRUSTING PADDLES...



THEY'D RETURNED WITH THEIR CHIEF TO WORSHIP THE ISLAND GOD. INSTEAD, THEY SAW THE VICIOUS TIGER OF THE SEA. THE POWERFUL POLYNESIANS SHAKED UP SHORT, SHARP SAFFS. ONE NATIVE KNELT, HIS SPEAR POISED... THEN LET IT FLY...



HE STRUCK THE SHUTE SQUARELY... UNDER THE SPINE. THERE FOLLOWED A FURIOUS THRASHING AS THE OTHERS HOOKED THEIR SAFFS INTO THE WOUNDED KILLER SHARK AND HEAVED IT ONBOARD AND STOOD SAYING:



...GAWKING AT THE STILL, DEAD GEMMEN OF THE DEEP, FOR STOKING OUT OF ITS TOOTH-LINED MOUTH WAS THE UNBRAWLED HEAD OF ERIC WALFORD... AND OUT OF ERIC'S MOUTH, THE HEAD OF THE BEAST-EYED RAT... AND OUT OF THE RAT'S MOUTH, THE HULL'S HEAD... AND OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE HULL PROTRUDED THE HEAD OF THE TINY FISH.



HEH, HEH! SO NONE OF THEM SHUTE FINISHED THEIR MEAL, EH, KIDDEST? WELL, LEARN A LESSON FROM THIS LITTLE SCREAM-STORY! NEVER BITE OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN SWALLOW! SOMEBODY MIGHT GET AHEAD OF YOU. AND NOW THAT THE PETRIFYING PAGE HAS BEEN SET, THE VAULT-KEEPER UNRAVLS WITH HIS TELL-TALE... A NIGHTMARISH TALE OF MANIACAL MURDER. I'LL DO YOU LATER WITH ANOTHER GRAVE TALE OF TERROR. TILL THEN, LET ME



LEAVE YOU WITH THIS MORBID THOUGHT. DON'T COUNT YOUR GAMES UNTIL THEY'RE MAFONETED! HEY! NOW!

E.C. WENT TO SEA IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER NEW TREND...



AND WE CAME UP WITH...
SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

**NOW YOU SEARCH
FOR IT!**

BUT IF YOU *CAN'T FIND PIRACY*
AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU
CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT
THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER
WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF
CENT* (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LAND-
LUBBERS!), TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 106
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 10, N.Y.

OKAY, BLUDE RATS! YOU SHANGHAIED ME!
I ENCLOSE #1 CO FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES
OF *PIRACY!*

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZONE NO

HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL SAMPLE
OF ESCAPE LITERATURE CALLED...

THE SUBSTITUTE



FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS, HENRI DUVAL HAD SUFFERED THE EQUATORIAL HEAT AND THE BLAZING SUN AND THE TORTURED LABORS OF THE FRENCH PENAL COLONY... AND ALL BECAUSE HE'D POISONED THE HUSBAND OF THE WOMAN HE'D LOVED. FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS, HE'D SWEATED AND SLAVED AT THE IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF HACKING CLEARINGS INTO THAT JUNGLE ISLAND, AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK, FOR SO SOONER HAD A TRACT BEEN CLEARED THAN THE RELENTLESS TROPICAL OVERGROWTH CLOSED IN AGAIN LIKE A SNAKEY TIE. BUT THIS WAS THE PUNISHMENT FOR MURDER AND HENRI WAS FORCED TO UNDERGO ITS MISERY, LEFT ONLY TO DREAM OF COOL PARS AND COOL WINE AND THE COOL LIPS OF A WOMAN. AND THEN, ONE DAY, HE DISCOVERED THE HERB...

"SACRÉ D'EN! IT IS HELLBORE!"



HENRI WAS AN EXPERT ON POISONS, AND HE KNEW HELLBORE... THE HERB WITH THE ROOT STOCK THAT YIELDED THE POISONOUS BLOSSOMS. HELLBORE! HE IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED THE PLANT AND TONED IT FROM THE SPONGY JUNGLE FLOOR, STUFFING THE SHORT ROOTS INTO HIS BLOUSE...

"HEY, YOU! DUVAL! KEEP THAT MACHETE GOING!"



WHEN THE BLAZING EQUATORIAL SUN HAD DUNK INTO THE WESTERN SKY AND THE EXHAUSTED REDHAIRIED PRISONERS HAD BEEN MARCHED BACK INTO THE PENAL COLONY COMPOUND, HENRI DUVAL HAD MADE HIS PLANS...

"THEY BRAG THAT NO ONE HAS EVER ESCAPED FROM THIS ISLAND PURGATORY WELL... I... HENRI DUVAL... WILL BE THE FIRST!"



HENRI HID THE KILLERBOMB ROOTS IN HIS CRAWLING MATTRESS, AND THE NEXT DAY BEGAN TO GATHER THE THINGS HE NEEDED. WHEN THE GUARD AND HIS CREW WERE AGAIN MARCHED OUT INTO THE STEAMING JUNGLE, HE CHOSE JUST THE RIGHT SIZE BAMBOO STALK.



CAREFULLY HE GATHERED JUST THE RIGHT SHAPE PALM FRONDS.



AND WHEN THE GUARD WENT LOOKING, HE HADGED JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF CORN BARK.



THERE HE HID IN HIS SHIRT, AND THAT EVENING SUCCESSFULLY SMUGGLED THEM INTO THE COMPOUND. LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE OTHER PRISONERS WERE ASLEEP, HENRI WORKED. WITH THE KNIFE HE'D STOLEN FROM THE MESS HALL, HE CAREFULLY CARVED THE CURVE OF CORN BARK INTO A SMOOTH, ROUND, TEARDROP SHAPE.



SLITTING THE ELONGATED END, HE INSERTED THE CORRECTLY SHAPED PALM FRONDS, TRIMMING THEM DOWN...



NEXT, INTO THE BULBOUS END OF THE CORN TEARDROP, HE INSERTED THE NEEDLE HE'D TAKEN FROM A FELLOW PRISONER'S SEWING KIT...



AND... POKE!... HENRI HAD FASHIONED AN APPROPRIATE DART... A DART THAT WOULD BE POISONED.



... AND BLOWN THROUGH THE HOLLOW BAMBOO STALK HE'D CUT...



ALL THAT NIGHT, HERRI PRACTISED WITH HIS BLOW-
GUN UNTIL HIS AIM WAS DEADLY...



FINALLY, HE HID HIS MURDEROUS WEAPON, ALONG WITH THE
HELLEBORE ROOTS, IN HIS MATTRESS... AND LAY DOWN FOR
THE FEW HOURS OF SLEEP LEFT TO HIM...



THE NEXT DAY, HERRI FOUND TWO
FLAT ROCKS AND BRUSHED THEM
BACK INTO THE COMPOUND AS HE
HAD DONE WITH THE OTHER THINGS...



THAT NIGHT, HE BROKED DOWN
THE HELLEBORE ROOTS, CARE-
FULLY CATCHING THE JUICE THAT
RAN FROM THE PULVERIZED MEAT
IN A TIN CUP...



THEN HE DIPPED HIS DART-NEEDLE
INTO THE AWKWARD TOXIC POISON...



AND THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE GOVERNOR OF THE
PENAL COLONY STRODE ACROSS THE COMPOUND'S
GROUNDS ON HIS DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL, HERRI TOOK
CAREFUL AIM...



...AND LET FLY HIS LETHAL MISSILE...



BY NIGHTFALL, THE GOVERNOR WAS DEAD...



... AND A POOR UNFORTUNATE PRISONER, IN WHOSE MATTRESS THE BLOW-GUN WAS FOUND, WAS WHIPPED TO DEATH - VAINLY PROTESTING HIS INNOCENCE TO THE LAST.



HENRI, ALONG WITH TWO OTHER PRISONERS, WAS LUCKILY ASSIGNED THE JOB OF BUILDING THE COFFIN IN WHICH THE DEMISED GOVERNOR'S BODY WOULD BE KEPT UNTIL THE ARRIVAL OF THE MONTHLY BOAT FROM THE CONTINENT.



THE GOVERNOR HAD BEEN A FAMOUS FRENCH NAVAL HERO, HENRI HAD PLANNED IT ALL! HE'D KNOWN THAT THE GOVERNOR'S BODY WOULD BE SHIPPED BACK TO FRANCE, HE'D COUNTED ON IT. THIS WAS HENRI DUVAL'S PLOT! THIS WAS THE MEANS FOR HIS ESCAPE.

AIR HOLES? WHY, HENRI? THE CORPSED ONCE IS DEAD! WHY DOES HE NEED AIR HOLES IN HIS COFFIN?

TO ALLOW FOR EXPANDING GASES, NOW AM I?



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MONTHLY STEAMER'S EXPECTED ARRIVAL, HENRI SLIPPED FROM HIS BARRACKS AND HURRIED TO THE CHAPEL, WHERE THE GOVERNOR'S BODY LAY IN STATE IN THE CRUDE COFFIN.



HIS STRIPPED THE BODY OF ITS CLOTHES AND DRESSED IT IN HIS GRIMY PRISON UNIFORM.



THEN HE BLAMED AND HACKED THE FACE UNTIL IT WAS UNRECOGNIZABLE.



IN THE MORNING THEY WOULD FIND THE BODY AND THINK THAT AN **ENEMY OF HENRI DUBOIS** HAD **ATTACKED AND MURDERED** HIM DURING THE NIGHT. HENRI CARRIED THE DISFIGURED CORPSE INTO THE BAR-
RACKS AND PLACED IT QUIETLY ON HIS COT...



THEN HE TOOK THE **FOOD** HE'D HIDDEN AND THE CAN OF **WATER** AND HURRIED BACK ACROSS THE COMPOUND TO THE CHAPEL...



...AND CLIMBED INTO THE RECENTLY VACATED COFFIN TO WAIT... TO WAIT FOR THEM TO COME AND CARRY HIM TO THE WRITING BOAT AND EVENTUAL FREEDOM...



THE NEXT MORNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHED, AND SUDDENLY HENRI HEARD POUNDING AND HAMMERING...



*SACRE DIEUX! THEY ARE
NAILING ME IN!*

AT FIRST HENRI WAS TERRORIZED... BUT THEN HE CALMED DOWN AS HE REALIZED...

*RIGHT! WHEN I GET TO FRANCE,
I WILL CERTAINLY HAVE AN OPPOR-
TUNITY TO FREE MYSELF!
IT IS NOTHING!*



HAPPILY, HENRI FELT HIS COFFIN LIFTED AND CARRIED OUT OF THE CHAPEL, ACROSS THE COMPOUND, DOWN TO THE PENAL COLONY'S WHARF...



...AND UP THE GANGPLANK OF THE SUPPLY SHIP...



HE LISTENED WITH RAGE TO THE SHRIEK OF THE LINES WHISTLE, THE MUFFLED ROAR OF ITS ENGINES. HE FELT THE GENTLE HEAVING AS THE SHIP BACKED OFF FROM THE PIER AND HEADED INTO THE OPEN SEA...



HE CALCULATED THE APPROXIMATE LENGTH OF THE VOYAGE AND REALIZED THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO PUT HIMSELF ON A STRICT RATIONING PROGRAM TO MAKE HIS MEAGER FOOD SUPPLY LAST. IT WAS HOURS LATER BEFORE HE AFFORDED HIMSELF HIS FIRST MORSEL WASHED DOWN BY ONE DULP OF THE TROPIC WATERS.



AND THAT NIGHT, THE RUMMING SHIP'S ENGINE LULLED HENRI INTO A PEACEFUL SLEEP...



BUT HE WAS AWAKENED RUDELY THE NEXT MORNING AS THE COFFIN WAS LIFTED BRUSQUELY AND CARRIED ON DECK...



HE LISTENED AS THE ENGINES STOPPED AND ONLY THE GENTLE LAPPING OF THE OCEAN WAVES DRIFTED THROUGH THE CONVENIENT AIR HOLES. AND THEN HE HEARD THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE... DRONING...

...AND SO, IN COMPLIANCE WITH GOVERNOR MOLLERUS'S LAST REQUEST...



HENRI'S BLOOD FROZE IN HIS VEINS AS HE FELT THE COFFIN LIFTED TO THE SHIP'S RAIL AND SLID FORWARD... OVER IT...

WE COMMIT THE COFFIN CONTAINING HIS BODY TO THE DEEP... FOR BURIAL AT SEA...



HENRI'S SCREAM WAS CUT SHORT AS THE COFFIN HIT THE TOSSEING SEINE AND WATER ROULDED IN THROUGH THE AIR HOLES, FILLING HIS FINE PRISON, FILLING HIS BLUE-BERTING MOUTH... FILLING HIS GASPING LUNGS...



A SPECIAL EDITORIAL

THIS IS AN APPEAL FOR ACTION!

THE PROBLEM: Comics are under fire — horror and crime comics in particular. Due to the efforts of various "do-gooders" and "do-gooder" groups, a large segment of the public is being led to believe that certain comic magazines cause juvenile delinquency, warp the minds of America's youth, and affect the development of the personalities of those who read them! Among these "do-gooders" are: a psychiatrist who has made a lucrative career of attacking comic magazines, certain publishing companies who do not publish comics and who would benefit by their demise, many groups of adults who would like to blame their lack of ability as responsible parents on comic magazines blamed of on themselves, and various assorted headline hunters. These people are myriads. They complain to local police officials, to local magazine retailers, to local wholesalers, add to their complaints. They complain and complain and threaten and threaten. Eventually, everyone gets frightened. The newsdealer gets frightened. He removes the books from display. The wholesaler gets frightened. He refuses shipments. The congressman gets frightened. . . November is coming! They start an investigation. This wave of hysteria has seriously threatened the very existence of the whole comic magazine industry.

WE BELIEVE: Your editors sincerely believe that the claim of these crusaders — that comics are bad for children . . . is nonsense. If we, in the slightest way, thought that horror comics, crime comics, or any other kind of comics were harmful to our readers, we would cease publishing them and direct our efforts toward something else!

And we're not alone in our belief. For example: Dr. David Abrahamson, eminent criminologist, in his book, "Who Are The Guilty?" says, "Comic books do not lead to crime, although they have been widely blamed for it . . . In my experience as a psychiatrist, I cannot remember having seen one boy or girl who has committed a crime, or who became neurotic or psychotic . . . because he or she read comic books." A group led by Dr. Freds Kefauver, Menard Health Chairman of the 86 Congress of the P. T. A., decided that living room violence has "a decided beneficial effect on young minds." Dr. Robert H. Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, said that horror comic books do not originate criminal behavior in children . . . in a way, the horror comics may do some good . . . children may use fantasy, as stimulated by the "comics" as a means of working out natural feelings of aggression.

We also believe that a large portion of our total readership of horror and crime comics is made up of adults. We believe that those who oppose comics are a small minority. Yet this minority is causing the hysteria. The voice of the majority . . . you who buy comics, read them, enjoy them, and are not harmed by them . . . has not been heard!

WHAT YOU MUST DO: Unless you act now, the pressure from this minority may force comics from the American scene. It is members of this minority who threaten the local retailers, who threaten the local wholesalers, who have sent letters to the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency (now investigating the comic industry).

IT IS TIME THAT THE MAJORITY'S VOICE BE HEARD!

It is time that the Senate Subcommittee hears from YOU . . . each and every one of you!

If you agree that comics are harmless entertainment, write a letter or a postcard **TODAY!** to:

The Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency
United States Senate
Washington 25, D. C.

and in your own words, tell them to: **Make it a new, polite letter!** In the case of you younger readers, it would be more effective if you could get your parents to write for you, or perhaps add a P.S. to your letter, as the Senate Subcommittee may not have much respect for the opinions of minors.

Of course, if you or your parents *disagree* with us, and believe that comics ARE bad, let your sentiments be known on that too! The important thing is that the Subcommittee hear from actual comic book readers and/or their parents, rather than from people who never read a comic magazine in their lives, but simply want to destroy them.

It is also important that your local newsdealer be encouraged to continue carrying, displaying, and selling all kinds of comics. Speak to him. Have him speak to his wholesaler.

Wherever you can, let your voice and the voices of your parents be heard in protest over the campaign against comics.

But first . . . right now . . . please write that letter to the Senate Subcommittee.

Sincerely,
Your grateful editors
(for the whole E. C. Gang)

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SQUEEZE PLAY

From the place where he crouched on the metal ladder leading down into the open manhole, Ben Flint's eyes were exactly level with the surface of the street. Gripping the steel rails, Flint leaned forward to scan the paving crew hard at work nearby, spreading hot tar over the road bed. *He'll be here in a minute*, Flint thought to himself, his stomach muscles tightening with nervous expectation. *As soon as the lousy rat rolls up I'm gonna let 'im have it right between the eyes!*

Steam boiled up from the hot tar, while the workmen spread it swiftly . . . Flint's eyes narrowed to keep the top of the steep road in sight. A rumbling noise was heard off in the distance: Flint's right hand tightened spasmodically on the gun held at his side. *That must be the steamroller coming down the hill*, Flint mused, his pulse quickening. *Soon as these guys get outa the way and the roller comes this way, Fletcher is a dead man!*

At the top of the hill, now, the bulky metal monster came into view, its ponderous roller squashing flat the bubbling hot tar in its path. With gathering speed it moved down the hill, while the workers scrambled out of its path. Flint's gun-arm moved nervously across his face, to clear his vision, while he clung to the guard rail with his other hand . . . his eyes narrowed as he peered closely at the man perched on the seat of the steamroller. The red hair and the square-jawed face of the driver were fully in view . . . it was *Fletcher*, all right!

The huge steamroller was thirty yards

from him . . . the street workers had moved out of sight, back to the boiling tar cauldron. Flint raised his head slightly, the gun slid upward so that its sight was trained squarely on the driver of the immense juggernaut. Flint slowly counted to three, then he squeezed the trigger.

There was no sound; the silencer had done its work. Thirty yards away the body of the driver slumped forward, the man's head sagging listlessly on his shoulders. Flint started to descend back into the open manhole, his lips apart in a grimace of triumph. He heard, suddenly, the sound of sewer workers below . . . there were other men down there, coming closer! Men who might testify that he had been attempting to flee from the scene of a murder!

With a gasp of surprise, aware that his plan of escape had been thwarted, Flint leaped up the remaining steps and landed on the hot oozy street surface. Trying desperately to move his feet through the clinging tar, Flint turned and saw the enormous steamroller hurtling towards him.

He screamed just once, then the awful weight of the roller was crashing over his body . . . mashing him into a hideous blob of tortured, squirming, tar-covered flesh. His blood sprayed out like soup from a punctured can; Flint was shattered beyond recognition by the time the driverless roller had crashed into a stone wall at the bottom of the hill, and came to a stop amidst the mournful wail of steam escaping from the mangled boiler.

HERE'S A CRAZY, MIXED-UP
FRIGHTMARE I CALL . . .

MURDER DREAM

I WANDERED ABOUT THE LONELY
LONDON STREETS TONIGHT, CHILLED
TO THE MARROW OF MY BONES BY
THE DENSE, DARK, CROAKING FOG . . .



I WAS MORE TIRED THAN I'D
EVER BEEN IN MY LIFE, YET
I *FEARED SLEEP*. I
FEARED THE DREAM!
SOMEWHERE IN THE VAST,
GREY, MISTY SHROUD, HE HAD
TOLDED MIDNIGHT . . .



AT LAST... TOO EX-
HAUSTED TO STAND...
MY EYES SWARTING...
BEGGING FOR REST...
I RETURNED TO MY
BLEAR HOTEL ROOM.



... UNWISSESED,
LEAVING MY CLOTHES
WHERE THEY FELL...



... AND SPRAWLED UPON THE
BED . . .



SLEEP CAME AT ONCE... AND THEN THE
DREAM... THE DREAD DREAM I'VE HAD
FOR THE PAST THREE NIGHTS COMES
AGAIN... AND I AM POWERLESS TO STOP
IT...



I AM APPROACHING OUR COTTAGE...
BAGS IN HAND. I AM RETURNING
FROM LONDON, MY ALSTIN PARKED OFF
THE ROAD. IT'S ALL SO CLEAR.
THE SOUND IS SO CLEAR. THE
SOUND OF GATNY SCREAM-
ING.



I HEAR IT SO CLEARLY... CATHY'S DESPERED HEART-RENDING SCREAM. I'M RUNNING NOW... REACHING OUT TOWARD THE DOOR. I'M CLOSER TO IT THAN I HAVE BEEN IN THE PAST TWO NIGHTS...

I'M COMING, CATHY!



BUT I CAN'T REACH IT! I WASH WITH HER NAME ON MY LIPS, MY BEDCLOTHES DRENCHED WITH COLD SWEAT... I BURN MY NICE IN MY HANDS, SOBBING ALONE...



CATHY! WHAT IS IT CATHY? WHY AM I DREAMING THIS? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I TRY TO DRIVE THE DREAM FROM MY MIND. I LIE BACK AND THINK OF THE COTTAGE AND THAT FIRST DAY CATHY LAID EYES UPON IT... STANDING SILENT AND STILL ON THAT CLEAR, WIND-SWEPT MOOR SOME EIGHTY MILES NORTH OF LONDON...

OH, HOWARD! IT'S JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!

IT IS QUANT!



HOW I LOVED HER, MY CATHY! NOW I LOVE HER STILL! I REMEMBER THE SMOOKING ON THE COTTAGE DOOR... THE SQUEAK OF CHAIRSPRINGS INSIDE... THE SLOW PAD OF BOOTS ON CARPETED FLOOR... THE SHABBLI DRESSED MAN PEERING OUT... HIS STARING EYES...



WE SAW THE "FOR SALE" SIGN, MAY WE LOOK AT THE PLACE? MY NAME'S HOWARD LEIGHTON. THIS IS MY WIFE CATHY!

IT WAS A COZY HOUSE, EVIDENTLY NEGLECTED, BUT CATHY WAS ENTHRALLED WITH IT...



IT'S CHARMING, HOWARD... YOU JUST WAIT TILL I PUT MY OWN LITTLE TOUCHES ABOUT!

I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'LL BE ANY POINT TRYING TO DISSUADE YOU, HOWARD, SO NOW THE QUESTION IS, CAN WE AFFORD IT...

I REMEMBER HIS EYES BORING INTO MINE AS WE DISCUSSED PRICE...



SEVEN HUNDRED QUID THE FURNITURE GOES WITH THE HOUSE. CLAUDE BAYNES. I GO WITH THE HOUSE, TOO.

OH, THEN YOU MUST BE THE CARE-TAKER. I'M NOT AT ALL SURE I CAN AFFORD YOU, QUIDNES!



ONLY EIGHT FOR A WEEK... FOR TOBACCO, MISTER. I SLEEP OVER THE STABLE!

I DON'T KNOW.

THAT'S LITTLE ENOUGH, HOWARD, AND I WON'T HAVE TO BE HERE ALONE WHEN YOU GO TO LONDON ON BUSINESS.

EVEN AS MY THOUGHTS PAMBLE ON THROUGH THESE MEMORIES, DARKNESS SWAYE WAY TO DAWN. AND SO I RISE, TOO WORN AND HAGGARD TO TEND TO THE BUSINESS THAT BROUGHT ME TO LONDON. . .



GATHY LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL, SO HAPPY, AS SHE WAVED GOODBYE FROM THE GARDEN. I FELT I LOVED HER MORE AND MORE WITH EACH PASSING DAY. . .



THE SCREAM ECHOES OVER THE GRIM GREY MOOR—ABANDONED. . . UNLOADING. MY POOR, TERRIFIED SCREAMING GATHY. LORD, HOW I LOVE HER. WITH SUPER-HUMAN EFFORT I HURL MYSELF AGAINST THE DOOR. . . TWIST THE KNOB. . . HEAVE MY WEIGHT AGAINST IT. . .



THE DAY PASSES TOO QUICKLY AND IT IS NIGHT ONCE MORE. I AM IN BED AGAIN WAITING. . . WAITING FOR SLEEP TO COME AND THAT **AWFUL, AWFUL DREAM**. . .



AWAKENESS GIVES WAY TO SLEEP. MEMORY DRIFTS INTO DREAM. . . THAT HORRIBLE DREAM AGAIN. I HEAR HER SCREAMING. . . GATHY'S SCREAMING FROM THE COTTAGE. I'M THERE AGAIN. . . RACING TOWARD THE DOOR. . . CLOSER NOW. . . CLOSER. . . YET NEVER SEEM-TO BE ABLE TO REACH IT. . .



FOR AN INTERMINABLE MOMENT, I AM TORTURED. . . FRUSTRATED. . . UNABLE TO BRING MY DREAM-VISION BEYOND THAT POINT. TIME AND MOTION ARE SUSPENDED. I'M BETWEEN WAKEFULNESS AND SLEEP. **I MUST KNOW!** I FLING MORE THE DOOR. . . AND BEHOLD A SIGHT MORE HORRIBLE THAN I'VE EVER IN MY WILDEST NIGHTMARES, IMAGINED. . .



GATHY **DOES** SO WONDERS WITH THE PLACE, FIXING IT UP. HER HANDS WORKED **AMAZING** ON THE DECORATING. . . THE FLOWER GARDEN. THEN, ONE DAY, THE **LETTER** CAME. . .



THE BOREAM PAGES. THE DREAM VANISHES. I AM AWAKE, SITTING BOLT-UPRIGHT, GLARING AT MY FACE, TRYING TO FORCE THE FINISH INTO MY MIND...



SUDDENLY I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO. THE DREAM IS AN OMIN... A WARNING. I LEAP FROM BED, FUMBLE FOR THE LAMP SWITCH...



BUT MY HAND FALLS AWAY. I SLUMP BACK ONTO THE BED. I REACH FOR MY CIGARETTES IN THE DARKNESS... LIGHT ONE... DRAG DEEPLY... REFLECTING...



I LIE THERE UNTIL THE CIGARETTE BURNS DOWN AND I CRUSH IT OUT. I AM DETERMINED TO STAY AWAKE BUT MY EYES ARE UNBEARABLY HEAVY. SLEEP REACHES OUT AND SMOTHERS ME IN ITS VELVET GRIP. THE BOREAM ERUPTS TO GREET ME...



I'M INSIDE THE COTTAGE NOW... DASHING FORWARD... CATHY ON HER KNEES... HER FACE DISTORTED WITH FRIGHT... HER EYES GLAZED IN TERROR... PLEADING WITH ME TO SAVE HER, AND BRYMES, HIS CLAWS IN HER HAIR, THAT MANIACAL LOOK IN HIS EYES, HE STANDING OVER HER, AN AX POISED...



HE SEES ME THEN, AND LETS CATHY GO. I DIVE AT HIM, GRABBING FOR THE AX...



... BUT HIS WOMAN'S STRENGTH SENDS ME SPINNING ACROSS THE ROOM...



THEN HE COMES AT ME, THE AX HOLD HIGH, HIGH...



FIVE TEETH ARE BARED, SWOOSHING WITH CAUTION. HIS WILD EYES GLEAM. HE MOUNTAINS BEING THE AC DOWN...



ASAM CATHY SREAMS... BUT THE TIME HER TERROR IS FOR ME...



THERE IS A SPLATTING EXPLOSIVE LIGHT. I AM ANKLE, A PUNCHING IN MY EARS. I SIT UP IN MY SWEAT-DRENCHED BED, SHYERING...



I LIE BACK, STARING AT THE CEILING. OBLIVION CREEPS IN ONCE MORE... BLACKNESS... AND THE DREAM. I *MUST FIND OUT*. I MUST KNOW THE MEANING OF THIS AWFUL DREAM. THE WILD SALSIDSCOPE BEGINS... THE SCREAM... RACING TO THE COTTAGE DOOR... FLINGING IT WIDE...



... CATHY ON HER KNEES... BRYMES WITH THE AR... BURNING EYES... SALTER DRIPPING FROM HIS LIFE... COMING AT ME...



...CATHY'S SCREAM... THE AR FLASHING... BRYMES... HONARD... BLINDING WHITE... RED... BLACK...



THE SCREAM FABLE. LIGHT CREEPS IN. I SEE A COFFIN... CATHY SITTING ON THE FLOOR *BENEATH* IT... SCREAMING... SCREAMING. I CAN HEAR HER SCREAMING AND I AM THERE, TRYING TO PEER INTO THE COFFIN... TRYING TO *SEE*... TRYING TO SEE WHO'S IN IT...



THEN, SUDDENLY, I AM AWAKE AGAIN. FRANTICALLY, I DRESS... PAGE... CHIEF OUT OF THE HOTEL... AND SOON THE MILES ARE FLYING BY BENEATH THE WHEELS OF MY AUTOMOBILE.

I'VE GOT TO SEE... I'VE GOT TO SEE MY CATHY... MAKE SURE SHE'S ALL RIGHT!



THE SHADOWS OF DARK DESCEND SILENTLY FROM THE GREY SKY, MEET NEAR THE DARK, BLACK BOG BY FISING WHISPS OF MIST. THE FOG FLOATS LOW AND WHIRLWIND ABOUT THE COTTAGE AS I QUIT THE CAR AND PUSH IN. CATHY IS THERE... AND JUST AS IN MY DREAM... SHE SITS BESIDE A COFFIN... SORROWING.



AND HOWARD LEIGHTON IS IN THE COFFIN.



I STAGGER TOWARD HER WITH FLUTTERING, JERKY STEPS. HER FACE IS PALE WITH TERROR. HER HUSBAND... CATHY'S HOWARD... LIES DEAD... AND I KNOW...



I KNOW THAT I HAVE DREAMED A MADMAN'S DREAM. I KNOW THAT I AM CLAUDE GRIMES, AND AS THE SCREAMING BEGINS AGAIN AND I HOLD CATHY'S HAIR IN MY STRONG CLAWING HAND, MY AXE POISED, I KNOW... OH, LORD... THAT I CAN'T STOP MYSELF... THAT I'VE COME BACK TO THE COTTAGE TO MURDER CATHY LEIGHTON JUST AS I MURDERED HER HUSBAND.



YOU SEE, MURDER, HOWARD LEIGHTON COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN LONDON... BECAUSE CLAUDE GRIMES HAD ALREADY GIVEN HIM THE BURN-NESS! CLAUDE... DIDN'T THAT HE WAS... BUT THOSEBUT HE WAS HOWARD OF WISHFUL THINKING, YOU MIGHT SAY. THE MURDER CLAUDE SAW CATHY, HE WENT OUT OF HIS MIND OVER HER. WELL, CLAUDE WANTS WITH HER FEAR-POT TO DRIVE FOR OUT OF YOUR MIND WITH ANOTHER OF HER FREAKING RECIPES, SO I'LL SAY "BYE" FOR THIS ISSUE OF MY MURDERED MURDER. AMAS.



THE END

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE? NO, HORROR HOODLUMS! THIS IS YOUR SNIVEL CHEF READY WITH ANOTHER MESS OF MOLDY MORBIDITY FROM MY GRUDGY CAULDRON. IF YOU'LL JUST SLIDE IN ON THE BOOK... INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR... THE OLD WITCH... YOUR HOSTESS IN HEAPING HELPFULNESS OF FOUL FARE... WILL WING UP G.K.'S BUCK MAG IN MY USUAL BORY-TELLING MANNER WITH A DELIGHTFUL DISH OF DELIRIUM DELVINGS CALLED...

The Switch

THE COOL MORNING LIGHT PRESSED UP AGAINST THE FINE-PANELED GENT'S ARCHED WINDOWS, REFUSED ENTRANCE BY THE HEAVILY LINED EXPENSIVE DAMASK DRAPES. WITHIN, Huddled OOP IN A HEAVY LEATHER CHAIR THAT HIS Aged BODY HARDLY NARMED, WEALTHY CARLTON WEBSTER SLIGHTLY STIRRED HIMSELF. HIS WRINKLED FACE CREASED EVEN MORE WITH A PREPOSTEROUS SMILE AND HIS LYMPHATIC BLUE EYES HELD SOME COUSIN DREAM AS HE REACHED FOR THE BULLCORN BESIDE THE PRIVATE FIREPLACE...



BEFORE LONG, A SLEEPY-EYED BUTLER SHUFFLED INTO THE DEN...

"YOU RANG... WHY, MR. WEBSTER? FULTON! I'M HAVE YOU BEEN HERE ALL NIGHT? I'M IN LOVE! YOU'LL GET THE FLEA BITE!"



FULTON'S EYES OPENED WIDE AT THIS STARTLING NEWS, AND HE LIT A DESK-LAMP IN ORDER TO SEE HIS EMPLOYER'S FACE. PERHAPS IT WAS SOME KIND OF JOKE...



WAT L. NAT I BRING YOU SOME BRANDY, SIR?

OH I KNOW YOU'D THINK I'VE GONE MAD, FULTON. BUT IT'S PROVE I AM IN LOVE! MADLY IN LOVE! SHE'S PRING... BEAUTIFUL.

FOOND, SIR? FORGIVE ME IF I SPEAK OUT SIR, BUT ARE YOU SURE SHE'S INTERESTED IN YOU?



OH MY MONEY, YOU MEAN! LINDA HAS NO IDEA THAT I'M WEALTHY, FULTON. AND I'M NOT GOING TO TELL HER.

THE DECEITFUL MILLIONAIRE ROSE UNSTEADILY. HE PATTED HIS BUTLER'S SHOULDER...

DON'T WORRY, FULTON! I LOVE HER AND I WANT HER TO MARRY ME VERY MUCH. BUT ONLY IF SHE LOVES ME. NOT MY MONEY. I WANT GENUINE AFFECTION, NOT AN ACT.



THAT NIGHT CARLTON WEBSTER TOOK AN IMPROVING BOUQUET TO LINDA STEWART'S BEAT PLAT. HER BEAUTIFUL FACE BEAMED GRATEFULLY...



THEY'RE LOVELY, CARLTON.

NOT HALF SO LOVELY AS YOU, LINDA!

LINDA INVITED CARLTON TO SHARE THE SOFA WITH HER. HE LOOKED LOVINGLY INTO HER GREEN EYES, STUDIED HER SCARLET LIPS, LONGED TO KISS THEM. HE HELD HER WARM HAND AND, WITHOUT INTENDING TO, BLURTED OUT...



MARRY ME, LINDA? I MAKE A LOT OF MONEY, BUT I COULD BE HAPPY! I'D MAKE YOU HAPPY!

CARLTON? I... I CAN'T...

THE OLD MAN'S FACE DARGED. HE PLEADED WITH LINDA...



WHY NOT, LINDA? WHY WON'T YOU MARRY ME? I LOVE YOU! COULDN'T YOU LOVE ME IN TIME?

YOU'RE... YOU'RE NOT WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, CARLTON.

LINDA'S MIND RAGED. HOW COULD SHE HURD THIS KIND OLD MAN'S FEELINGS? HOW COULD SHE TELL HIM...



WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, LINDA? WHY CAN'T I BE WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?

I... I... IT'S YOUR FACE, CARLTON. SO OLD... SO WITHERED... SO WRINKLED.

FOR A WHILE, CARLTON SAT IN STONY SILENCE, BROODING...GLUMLY REFLECTING ON NATURE'S CRUELTY. AT LAST HE BROKE, PUT ON HIS COAT AND HAT, AND...



CARLTON, I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU...

EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT IN TIME, LINDA. DEAR, YOU'LL SEE YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU WANT!

THE IMAGINATION THAT HAD EARNED CARLTON WEBSTER A MILLION DOLLARS HAD NOT DESERTED HIM AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS. AS HE RODE HIS CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN CADILLAC BACK TO HIS PALATIAL ESTATE, HE PUFFED THOUGHTFULLY ON A DOLLAR CIGAR AND SAW VISIONS IN ITS LUXURIANT BLUE SMOKE.



SOMETHING CAN BE DONE... THEY DO WONDERS WITH PLASTIC SURGERY THESE DAYS. I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH DOCTOR HURLEY IN THE MORNING...

THE NEXT DAY, CARLTON STOPPED IN AT HIS HIGH-PRICED PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE.



THERE ARE SHOTS I COULD GIVE YOU, MR. WEBSTER... HORMONES... BUT AT FOUR ADVANCED AGE...

YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG, DOCTOR. IT'S MY FACE I WANT FIXED UP. I WANT YOUTH, DOCTOR!

THE MILLIONAIRE EXPLAINED HIS PREOCCUPATION IN DETAIL. DR. HURLEY SAT WITH HIS FINGERTIPS TOUCHING AND ASSUMED HIS GRANDEST PROFESSIONAL EXPRESSION...



THERE'S A CERTAIN DR. FAULKNER... -JOK, I'M NOT RECOMMENDING HIM, MIND YOU. IN FACT, ETHICS PREVENT ME FROM SAYING WHAT I THINK OF THE MAN'S METHODS. FANTASTIC...

BLAST IT, HURLEY, DON'T START MAKING SPEECHES. GIVE ME HIS ADDRESS...

WITH SOME DIFFICULTY, CARLTON LOCATED THE CURIOUS STONE HOUSE OF DR. HANS FAULKNER, A THICK-SET NERVOUS LITTLE MAN WITH PRISM-LINED GLASSES OPENED THE HEAVY DOOR AND REEDED OUT...



WEBSTER? THE NAME MEANS NOTHING. WHO SENT YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I NEED YOUR SERVICES, DOCTOR. I CAN AFFORD WHATEVER PRICE YOU ASK...

THE HINT OF WEALTH SEEMED TO SATISFY THE STRANGE PHYSICIAN. HE LED HIS VISITOR INTO AN UNLIXED NOT TO SAY UNSTEADY CELLAR LABORATORY. HE LISTENED TO CARLTON'S REQUEST...



I'VE PERFORMED THE OPERATION BEFORE, HERE WEBSTER... IN GERMANY, IN THIS COUNTRY, NOBODY WILL BELIEVE. I'M A QUACK THEY SAY. IT WOULD COST YOU TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, AT LEAST!

THE ASTRONOMICAL FIGURE STAGGERED CARLTON. HE SAT MOPPING HIS SWEAT AS DOCTOR FAULKNER EXPLAINED.

"I TAKE ONLY FIFTY-THOUSAND FOR THE OPERATION, MR. WEBSTER. THE OTHER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND IS WHAT IT WILL COST FOR THE YOUNG MAN!"

YOUNG MAN? WHAT YOUNG MAN?

IF YOU WANT A COMPLETE NEW FACE, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET IT FROM A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN, NO? HEN, DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE I'M INSANE. I HAVE DONE THIS OPERATION BEFORE! NOW, THE YOUNG MAN I HAVE IN MIND WILL DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY... A LOT OF MONEY!

THAT NIGHT, CARLTON VISITED LINDA ONCE MORE, THEN CAME AWAY REASSURED THAT SHE WAS WELL WORTH THE FABULOUS EXPENDITURE. THEN, HE VISITED THE YOUNG MAN DR. FAULKNER HAD RECOMMENDED...

DR. FAULKNER SAID YOU'D GO ANYTHING FOR MONEY, MR. BOOTH!

HE OUGHT TO KNOW! I DO PLenty FOR NOW. WHAT'S THE DEAL?

GEORGE BOOTH, THE YOUNG MAN, SAT IN SILENCE FOR A FULL MINUTE AFTER THE OLD MAN HAD GIVEN HIM THE DETAILS...

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY GRAND! AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GIVE UP THIS BODY OF MINE? WHAT'S IT GOT TO ME ANYWAY? I'VE ALWAYS HAD TO SCRAPE FOR A BUCK! DR. WEBSTER, IT'S A DEAL!

SPLENDID! SPLENDID!

THE NEXT DAY, THE OLD MILLIONAIRE AND THE YOUNG MAN WENT TO DOCTOR FAULKNER'S CELLAR LABORATORY. EVERYTHING WAS IN READINESS... TWO OPERATING TABLES... MUCH MEDICAL EQUIPMENT... AND THE NECESSARY CERTIFIED CHECKS...

HERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN! YOUR MONEY... IN ADVANCE!

WHAT ABOUT MY BLOOD, DOCTOR? I DON'T LOSE THAT, DO I?

NO! YOU KEEP YOUR BLOOD, GEORGE. I ONLY SWITCH THE SKULL BONE AND FLESH COVERING...

TWO WEEKS LATER, DR. FAULKNER UNVEILED CARLTON WEBSTER'S NEW FACE...

THE OPERATION IS A COMPLETE SUCCESS! HERE! LOCK

WONDERFUL! YOU'RE A GENIUS, DOCTOR! WAIT TILL LINDA SEES ME NOW!

DR. FAULKNER SMILED ONLY...

OH, BY THE WAY, I TOLD GEORGE BOOTH TO LET ME KNOW IF HE MOVES. WE SHOULD HAVE HIS NEW ADDRESS IN CASE WE... ER... MIGHT NEED HIM AGAIN... EN?

SOON, CARLTON RUSHED TO LINDA'S APARTMENT...

IS IT **REALLY** YOU, CARLTON? I JUST CAN'T **BELIEVE** IT. BUT **NOW** COULD YOU AFFORD SUCH AN **EXPENSIVE PLASTIC SURGERY JOB?**

THE DOCTOR IS A FRIEND, LINDA. **NOW** WILL YOU **MARRY ME?**



I... I CAN'T, CARLTON. YOU'RE STILL NOT WHAT I WANT! I... I... IT'S YOUR **BODY**, CARLTON... SO **BEST**... SO **DECEPTIVE** AND **OLD** AND **SOFT**. FORGIVE ME FOR SAYING SO, BUT... IT WOULD **DISGUST** ME!

LINDA!



CARLTON TURNED TO GO... FRUSTRATED...

I'M SORRY, CARLTON! YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU WANT, LINDA! YOU'LL **SEE!**



AND SO, AGAIN, CARLTON WEBSTER WENT TO SEE DR. FRASHER...

OF COURSE I CAN GIVE YOU A NEW TORSO, MR. WEBSTER. BUT IT WILL COST YOU **SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS**!

WHAT? YOU'RE **MAD!** I EVEN CAN'T AFFORD THAT!



YOU CAN'T EXPECT GEORGE BOOTH TO GIVE UP HIS BODY FOR **LESS** THAN **HALF** A **MILLION**, MR. WEBSTER.

ALL RIGHT! CALL HIM! SEE IF HE'LL DO IT!



AND SO, AGAIN, THE CELLAR LABORATORY WAS READED. CARLTON WAS THERE WITH TWO CERTIFIED CHECKS.

THESE TWO OPERATIONS WILL HAVE **WIPED OUT MOST OF MY FORTUNE**, GENTLEMEN, BUT IT'S **WORTH IT!** HERE YOU ARE...

READY, GEORGE...

LET'S SET IT **OVER WITH A DOG!** I GOT PLANS FOR THIS **BOUGH!**



AND AGAIN, THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS. AFTER A MONTH OF CONVALESCENCE...

WATCH MY **STOMACH MUSCLES** RIFFLE, DOCTOR. I'M **BOLDED** AS A **ROCK** NOW. LINDA **CAN'T** REFUSE ME...

JAY, MR. WEBSTER, BUT IF YOU NEED ME... OR **GEORGE**... WE'LL BE **WAITING!**



THAT AFTERNOON, CARLTON TOOK LINDA TO THE BEACH TO SHOW OFF HIS STRONG MUSCULAR BODY...

LINDA LEANED TOWARDS CARLTON, HER MOST LIPS INVITING...

LINDA SHUDDERED AS CARLTON HELD HER...

I CAN'T GET OVER IT, CARLTON. HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO GET IN SUCH WONDERFUL SHAPE IN SUCH A SHORT TIME? THAT DOCTOR FRIEND OF YOURS...

THAT'S MY SECRET, LINDA. SO YOU LIKE THE WAY I LOOK NOW.

YOU LOOK FINE TO ME, CARLTON. FINE.

OH, DARLING...

NO, CARLTON! PLEASE DON'T! YOU'RE NOT WHAT I WANT!

LINDA? MARRY ME!



NO, CARLTON! NOT! I CAN'T! I WON'T! IT'S... IT'S JUST LOOK AT THOSE BRAWNY ARMS... AN OLD MAN'S ARMS... AND YOUR LEGS... SPINDLY. KNOFF... FULL OF VARIKOSE VEINS

LINDA? FOR GOD'S SAKE!

CARLTON'S HANDSOME FACE BECAME PALE. HIS THICK BRAWNY CHEST HEAVED WITH ANGRY BREATHING...

WHAT DO YOU WANT IN A MAN, LINDA? WILL NO FANCY SATISFY YOU?

I KNOW WHAT I WANT, CARLTON. I KNOW! YOU'RE... YOU'RE JUST NOT IT!



CARLTON STOOD UP, STUFFING HIS SLENDER ARMS WITH THEIR BABONIS SKIN. HIS VIOLET OLD MAN'S LEGS...

CARLTON LOOKED AT LINDA IN ALL HER BEAUTY AND HE LONGED FOR HER, HIS YOUTHFUL BODY BURNING WITH DESIRE. AND SO, LATER...



YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU WANT, LINDA? I PROMISE.

I HOPE SO, CARLTON! I HOPE SO.



ARMS AND LEGS, OH, MR. WESTERN BEARDE WILL WANT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND

IT'S EVERY CENT I HAVE LEFT! I'LL BE BANKRUPT! BUT FOR LINDA... IT'S WORTH IT!

RECOVERY WAS SWIFTER THIS TIME—TWO WEEKS. AS CARLTON DRESSED TO LEAVE THE SANITARIUM THAT FINAL DAY, HE SMILED EARLY.



I'M A POOR MAN NOW, DR. FALLBROOK?

POOR, YES... BUT PERFECTLY SUCH ARMS! SUCH LEGS... SUCH A BODY, YOU ARE AN ADONIS NOW.

SMILE'S HAPPINESS SPREAD OVER CARLTON'S FACE. HE CLASPED THE DOCTOR'S HAND.



YES! THE MONEY BROUGHT ME NO HAPPINESS. NOW I'M YOUNG... STRONG... HANDSOME! I'M WHAT LINDA WANTED NOW.

GO TO YOUR LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN, HERE WEEBIE! GOOD-BYE... AND GOOD LUCK!

CARLTON FAIRLY FLEW TO LINDA'S APARTMENT.



LINDA... I WHERE'S LINDA STEWART?

MOVED UPTOWN HERE'S HER NEW ADDRESS!

CARLTON RUSHED UPTOWN. LINDA'S NEW APARTMENT HOUSE WAS ONE OF THOSE LUXURIOUS NEW ONES. HE HAMMERED ON HER PENTHOUSE DOOR.



CARLTON?

LOOK, LINDA! I'M A COMPLETELY NEW MAN! IN THE WAY YOU WANTED ME! YOU'VE GOT TO MARRY ME NOW!

LINDA LAUGHED...

I NEVER WANTED YOU, CARLTON... EITHER WAY, YOUNG OR OLD! BUT I COULDN'T TELL YOU THE TRUTH! AND I CAN'T MARRY YOU! I AM MARRIED.

YOU'RE... MARRIED? BUT... DR. NO?



THE OLD MAN ODDERED INTO THE SWANK LIVING ROOM... WITH CARLTON'S ARMS AND CARLTON'S LEGS AND CARLTON'S HEAD AND CARLTON'S BODY.



THAT'S WHAT I WANTED, CARLTON! A MILLIONAIRE TO MARRY! I TRIED TO DISCOURAGE YOU... BECAUSE I KNEW YOU WERE POOR! LAST WEEK I FOUND MY MILLIONAIRE! THIS IS BEOWOLF BOOTH... MY HUSBAND.

GOOD LORD!

WEEBIE! NOW THERE'S A SWITCH, EH, BIGGER! A COMPLETE SWITCH! LINDA ENDED UP MARRYING EVERYTHING CARLTON HAD IN THE VERY BEGINNING. HE COULDN'T SAVED HIMSELF THE TROUBLE, OH, WELL... THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GO TO PIECES OVER A GAME. WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE MOUTH OF HORROR WITH MORE BLOOD-SUCKLING FIGHTS. TILL THEN, THIS IS THE OLD WYON, REMINDING YOU TO SAVE YOUR SKIN FOR A BAIT BAIT IT'S EASIER TO DIE IN MUD! WY!



CAR BURNING OIL?

Engineer's Discovery Stops it Quickly

Without A Cent For Mechanical Repairs!

If your car is using too much oil—if it is sluggish, hard to start, slow on pickup, lacks pep and power—you are paying good money for oil that's burning up in your engine instead of providing lubrication. Why? Because your engine is leaking. Freedom has won a gap between pistons and cylinder wall. Oil is pumping up into the combustion chamber, fouling your mixture with carbon. Gas is exploding down through this gap, going to waste.

SAVE \$50 TO \$150 REPAIR BILL



Before you spend \$50-\$150 to \$150-\$200 for an engine overhaul, read how you can fix that leaky engine yourself! In just a few minutes, without having a single new part, without even taking your engine down—it is almost as easy as squeezing toothpaste or shaving cream out of a tube, thanks to the discovery of a new synthetic substance called Power Seal. This revolutionary, new compound combines

the lubricating qualities of Moly, the "greasy" wonder metal, with the heat-sealing properties of Vitonaclear, the magical product whose particles expand under heat. (Tip: Use 10 drops, expand 100%.)

Just squeeze Power-Seal out of the tube into your motor's cylinders through the quick plug openings. It will spread over pistons, piston rings and cylinder walls as your engine runs and it will PLATE every surface with a smooth, shiny, metallic film that won't come off! No amount of pressure can scrape it off. No amount of heat can break it down. It fills the cracks, scratches and scoring caused by engine wear. It closes the gap between worn piston rings and cylinders, with an automatic self-expanding seal that stops oil pumping, stops gas blow-by and restores compression. No more piston slapping, no more engine knocking. You get more power, speed, mileage.

This greasy, platey, self-lubricating too for Moly, the greasy metal lubricant, makes friction as nothing else can! It is the only lubricant indestructible enough to be used in U.S. winter energy plants and jet engines! It never dries down, never leaves your engine dry. Even after your car has been standing for weeks, even in coldest weather, you can start it as a fresh because the lubrication is in the metal itself! That's why you'll add amazingly little oil if you'll get hundreds even thousands of more miles per quan-

TRY IT FREE!

You don't risk a penny. Prove to yourself that Power-Seal will make your car run like new. Put it in your engine on 30 days Free Trial. If you're not getting better performance out of your car than you thought possible—if you have not stopped oil burning and have not increased gas mileage—return the empty tube and get your money back in full. Power-Seal is absolutely harmless, a wonder that the finest car in any way. It not only preserves and protects your motor.



POWER SEAL MAKES WORN OUT LAST ENGINE RUN LIKE NEW

Here are the Two Engineer's mounted gauges showing the phenomenal increase in compression obtained in a 1960 De Soto car that had run for 75,000 miles. Now the POWER SEAL compound restored pep and power, reduced gas consumption, cut oil burning nearly 100%.

	Cyl. 1	Cyl. 2	Cyl. 3	Cyl. 4	Cyl. 5	Cyl. 6
BEFORE	70 lbs.	70 lbs.	102 lbs.	70 lbs.	80 lbs.	100 lbs.
AFTER	112 lbs.	112 lbs.	112 lbs.	112 lbs.	112 lbs.	112 lbs.

BEST INVESTMENT WE EVER MADE, SAYS DRIVER-OWNER

"We simply ignored the POWER SEAL kit instructions and made an extra repair or adjustment. Compression readings were taken before and after and showed a big improvement in both cars. As a result the engine seemed a lot more pick-up and power which was especially noticeable on hills. When compared on time and the cheap reduction in oil consumption. In one city we've actually been saving a quart a day and figure we have saved \$11.25 in oil alone since the POWER SEAL was applied a month ago. In the other city, oil consumption was cut practically in half. We have also been getting better gas mileage. All in all, POWER SEAL turned out to be just about the best investment we ever made. It paid for itself in a week and has been saving money for us ever since. As my problem of pumping the fuel oil pump eventually this would have cost me real money." — J. H. Tait, Birmingham, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply send the coupon and your Power-Seal coupon will be sent to you at once C.O.D. plus postage and handling charges. Or, to have the postage and handling charges, simply enclose full payment with the coupon. Put it cylinders over under the handle box, only \$14.95. For 8 cylinders run under the handle box, \$24.95. Power-Seal is now available only by mail from us, limit the coupon at once.

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Dept. RCS

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Please send me _____ tubes of the new POWER SEAL kit.
 I enclose \$_____. If I don't pay, \$14.95 8 cylinders, \$24.95 16 cylinders. I will pay the postage the price indicated above plus postage and delivery charges. I understand an immediate refund in the case of return of any kit. Free oil consumption, greater gas mileage, reduced engine wear, better starting, better mileage, within 30 days or you will receive no refund.
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
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 Zip _____
 I have World Travel card _____ or please attach with coupon and we will bill postage charges. Your money back guarantee.

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Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "looming up" of your entire system! You will have more pep,

bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get stodge fatness! Get a scorching race, punch—chest and back muscles to big they almost split your coat seams—signs of solid stomach muscles—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

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Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

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☐ If under 16 years of age check here for Booklet A.